NORTHERN MESSENGER

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"The Underdogs"

By G. E. McKEAN

For the Messenger

CHARLES

THERE we were, right after the first game of the season, the score something I did not like to think about, sitting in the locker room off the gym, pulling on our clothes. Andiver, 12; West High, 41. I know I sat there as glum as all get out and those figures kept going through my head. Say, it surely was enough to discourage you! Andiver, 12; West High, 41. And we had thought we were pretty good too!

"Well," Charles Newberger finally broke the heavy silence, Charles being our lanky centre. "I move we give up basketball, for this year!"

"I'm with you," said Andrews, who played left guard. Andrews' man had made him look foolish, and had piled up twenty-six of those forty-one points.

Red Sullivan, one of the forwards, agreed too. "I second the motion," he said.

It was just a toss-up whether Andiver High had a basketball team that season or not. We were kidding, of course, but at the same time it would not have taken much to have started a stampede and sent us scurrying to turn in our suits. "If a team can't do any better than we did tonight, up against West High," and you ought to have heard the scorn in Red's voice, "what will we do when we go up against the the real teams in the high school league?"

"The Underdogs," Charles said, "that's us!"

We knew what he meant. That was going to be our name for the rest of the season. Al Stenston, cub reporter on The Times, had been at the game and one of the fellows sitting beside him had informed us that Al had coined that word for the newspaper write-up that would broadcast our defeat on the morrow.

"The Underdogs!" Red said. "That's a great name!"

So there we were after our first game, a little ashamed. Only Collins went ahead with his dressing unconcernedly. Collins would. He was that type. He was slow, steady, unimaginative. That's what made him a good guard, and kept him from being a great one.

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THERE is no telling what would have happened at that point hadn't little Jennings, our right forward, a mere midget, jumped up. "Come on, fellows," he said, "let's talk of something cheerful! We've just had an off night, that's all!"

We hooted. All save Collins, who went on dressing. But hoot as we would we couldn't drown Jennings' voice. He went on. "We did!" he said. "We just had an off night. And say, didn't Red make some nice shots!"

That pleased Red. He sort of left the ranks of the dirge singers.

Charles couldn't see it though. "Nice shots!" he said. "What do you mean! Lucky's what I'd call them. Every basket made tonight was made by Red standing back of the centre of the floor!"

"Well," Jennings said, "isn't that nice shooting? I'll leave it to Red?"

"It was luck!" Charles kept on. "I say lets quit. When we go up against teams like Albion, or Northeast, or Rockville, we'll look foolish!"

And Charles had spoken the truth. We were going to look foolish! And I guess we would have quit then and there if it hadn't been for Jennings. The little game cock shamed us and got us to promise to play, although we knew Charles was right.

JENNINGS

"Say," Jennings flared up, "we can't quit! We'd be yellow!"

"Better that than be the laughing stock of the whole league," Charles said.

"Better nothing!" Jennings said. "Let's stick!"

And do you know in the next few days Jennings got us in a fairly cheerful frame of mind. According to him it was a good thing we had been defeated. According to his figuring it seemed we should go out and cheer because we had lost, because the papers had dubbed us The Underdogs.

"It's really a good thing we lost," he said. "I was talking to some of the Meadowbrook fellows," Meadowbrook being our next opponent, "and they're not even practising. They think they have the game with us sewed up!"

Looking at it that way, to be sure, our defeat was a blessing in disguise. For, if Meadowbrook had practised, and had taken us seriously, we'd have lost our game with them. There was no doubt about that. We had another off night. Our passing was ragged, our shooting was the limit. And yet we won. We nosed out Meadowbrook by one point. That was a victory that was not much better than a defeat!

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JENNINGS, however, couldn't see it.

"Why," he said, "it couldn't be better!"

"Go on," Charles said, indignantly; "it proves what I said and what I still say—we ought to quit! When we go up against Albion, or Northeast, we'll lose—and how we'll be beaten!"

"Maybe," Jennings said. "And yet I don't know. We played in bad luck tonight."

"We ought to have won by twenty points at least!" Charles said, and Red and the rest of us agreed.

"We never ought to win by twenty points," Jennnigs said—and grinned. "Not this season," he added. "For if we do we'll never get the pennant!"

For one second we sat dazed—all save Collins. He was trying to tie a fancy knot in his tie—and he went on trying. But the rest of us were stunned. There we were, losers in that first game, victors by only one point over a less than mediocre team in the second, and little Jennings sat talking about the pennant!

Charles went over to him and felt his head. "Hmmm," he said. "Hmmm! I see! I see!"

"See what?" Jennings said, jerking his head away. Like most midgets, he had a peppery temper. "See what?" he snapped. "You don't see anything! You're the dumbest of the whole lot!"

"I am, am I!" Charles said, getting a little riled up himself. "Let me tell you one thing—I'm not so dumb I can't see you're just a little off in your head! Win a pennant? What do you mean? What earthly chance have we to win a pennant?"

And we all agreed that Jennings must have gone batty, except Collins. And Collins really didn't count. He was—well just unimaginative.

"Let the little gamecock alone," he drawled, having either got the tie adjusted to his satisfaction, or having decided he couldn't tie it to his satisfaction—no one could tell which. "Don't pester him" he said. "Let's hear what he's got to say."

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JENNINGS shot Collins a look of gratitude—and did he talk! "See here," he said earnestly, "we have a good chance to win the pennant, because all the other teams think we have none. Can't you see it! If Albion or Northeast, or any of the real teams thought we had a chance, we'd be out of luck. They're a little better than we are, I'll admit. But they consider us the underdogs, doomed to go down to defeat. And we've got to keep them thinking we are no good. Now when we go up against Madley . . ."

"When we do!" Charles said, his eyes taking on a funny gleam, "We'll run up a score that will wipe out some of the disgrace of that first defeat we took!"

"We'll do nothing of the kind!" Jennings said. "If we do that we'll spoil everything! When we go up against Madley we want to win, by one point or two at the most."

"Why?" Charles said. Madley had no team at all!

"Because then we'll be playing the part we've got to play all season," Jennings said. He seemed disgusted at Charles' stupidity. "Can't *you* see it?" he snapped. "We'll be the underdogs, —lucky underdogs for once, but not to be feared or taken seriously by any of the good teams."

And he insisted so much that finally we promised that we would do as he asked. And by lecturing us like a Dutch uncle between the halves of the Madley game he held us to our promise. We could have scored one hundred points. Easily. We had hit our stride. That night we could have taken over Albion, and Albion was leading the league. But we plodded along, and in the end, we almost were defeated. Only a lucky shot by Red from far back pulled us out of the hole and paved the way for a two-point victory.

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AND so the season went.

Only Collins could see anything in what Jennings wanted us to do. And Collins was dumb. It was he who said, "Go on Red!" when Jennings suggested that Red practise those long shots.

"You're good, Red!" Jennings said.

"Go on," urged Collins.

You know how fellows can appeal and argue. And, partly because of Jennings's "You're good, Red!" which was pure logic, but mostly to stop a duet from lasting all night, Red finally did consent to practise long shots.

And then—can you beat it—Jennings objected to his *using* them in games.

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DID Red sputter then! He had gone out and practised those long shots until he was good. And then Jennings had the nerve to say, "Let's not use them often—just once or twice in a game. And not then if we're ahead."

"Then why in the world did you pester me into going out and wasting my time practising those shots!" Red said. He was angry.

Jennings' explanation didn't make sense to us. It sounded as crazy as his insisting that we never win a game by an overwhelming score. "Everything depends," Jennings said, "on keeping the other teams from knowing you can make those long shots. See?"

"I don't see!" Red said.

Jennings sighed, although to tell the truth it seemed as if the rest of us ought to be doing the sighing, having a fellow like Jennings on the team. "It's like this," he said. "If you don't make those shots, regularly, then when you're far back no one will cover you. At least not closely. And then, when we need a point, we'll feed the ball to you, and, you'll have a chance to shoot. While if you do make those shots time after time the other side will be wise to what's going to happen and have you guarded."

And finally, mainly because Jennings would have talked and argued all night, we agreed he was right. What wind that midget had! It was no wonder *he* was a good forward!

And we worked out a play that was as follows: Charles tipped off the ball to Jennings, Jennings tossed it to Collins who had gone up the floor under the basket, and Collins passed it back to Red who had been left stranded in the flashing play somewhere back of the centre of the floor. That was the play. Collins, you see, being a guard, was likely to be ignored when down under the basket and so could receive the ball. But say, it was sort of tough on Collins, at that. He got the ball, but he never got a shot. Never!

We won the Edinboro game with that play; and Edinboro was good. They were so good that, playing the game as hard as we could, and it wasn't our night off, Edinboro was ahead by one point when the game was about over. But, one second before the final whistle, we fed the ball to Red, and Red tossed it through.

Of course you might have thought the other team would have caught on to our game. But they didn't. As we went through the season we were looked upon as a bunch of poor dubs who managed, how no one knew, to win a fair proportion of our games. But no team worried about us until too late.

And were we pleased with ourselves! We were! Only Collins seemed dissatisfied. And you could hardly blame him. He had played game after game, game after game, and had never made a basket! Every time he got half a chance to shoot,—a guard doesn't get a chance very often,—it was his cue to feed the ball to Red. And Red would try for the basket.

Collins used to say, "I'm going to do one thing this season!"

We knew what he hoped to do all right, although he never came out and told us. And we didn't blame him a bit for wanting to do it, either.

"I'm going to do one thing," Collins would say.

* * *

THEN, just when it did seem that we'd have a chance to win the league pennant, Albion got wise,—caught on!

Charles broke the news to us a week before we played Albion.

"Fellows," he said, coming into the gym one evening, "Albion's caught on to the fact that we're better than we appear!"

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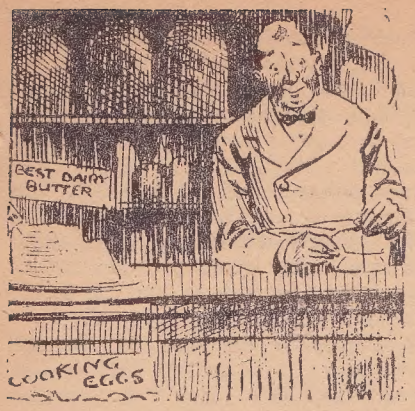
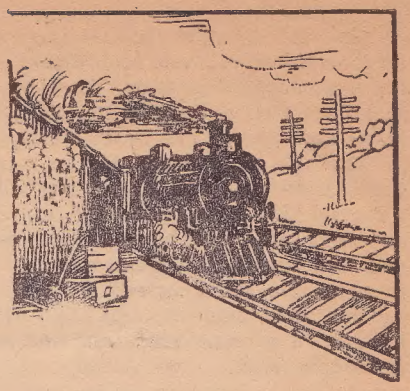


Behind the Counter

By N. M. GEORGE

For the Messenger



IMPORTANT PEOPLE

EZRA SYTHE, General Storekeeper in Topville, a small coastal town. **MRS. SYTHE**, Ezra's wife.
ROBERT DOUCE, a determined young fellow whose plan to work his way through college and become a minister leads him to take the job of clerk in Ezra's store.
TOM JONES, CALVIN BATES, JIM RICKSON and others, fisher lads with whom Robert becomes acquainted on his first morning in Topville.

ON his return breakfast was indeed ready. Ezra was the spirit of optimism as his wife, so bright and cheerful this morning, had prepared him his favorite food of buckwheat pancakes and bacon.

Robert, remembering his warnings about eating so much lobster before breakfast, would not eat anything else but the proverbial corn flakes.

He told Mrs. Sythe all about the visit to the factory, about the boys and his plans to help them get an interest in athletics. Mrs. Sythe shook her head and advised him to pick his company.

Robert was not afraid of that company, rough as it seemed. His mother had always told him that as long as he was good and true and had lots of backbone, associates did not matter so much, but not to be too confident. "Always remember, when you can look yourself in the face squarely and truly and not have to offer any excuses you are on the right track. Your life is your own kingdom, you are absolute monarch; see that your subjects obey you."

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The next move was the store; and to Robert, who was accustomed to the well-kept, up-to-date stores in the city, it was a dreadful disappointment. Ezra's store had two counters, one down each side, and two large windows, rather fly-specked and dirty. Advertisements and silent salesmen of every description filled all available space. Somewhere in the store were some faded and old advertisements showing the shortest of skirts, or the Gibson girl with her widest pleats and 'sailors'. Some new and modern showing the wonders of new dyes and cigarettes.

A sad-faced sphinx told about some special tea, while a large yellow tea pot said equally nice things about some other brand. Shelves high and low filled with everything from a needle to an anchor. Yes, everything: silk thread and trawl lines; pots, pans and kettles; canned goods and barrels of flour; salt cod, skin, tails and all. Some goods by the yard, some by the pound, some of them fresh and new, some faded and old; all jumbled together in a mess that beggared description.

Ezra never took stock; he kept buying and selling until he hardly knew what he had or hadn't, and it was sometimes pitiful to see him search in vain for some article he thought he had, but could not find. It was a grocery, hardware, drugstore and drygoods store, all in one. Here Robert's future work was to be, and to say the least it did look discouraging. Robert had to summon all his will power to the task.

"This is my job. It will be good or bad as I make it so," he said to himself. He set to work at once to clean and this was no easy task. Almost at every turn he pulled out some memorial that Ezra did not want to destroy.

Crooked pieces of wood he had saved for years to make something that existed only in his mind. Boxes of nails he had salvaged for years from packing cases, shells he had gathered for years, freak lobster claws, pieces of quartz, a horse shoe he had picked up and claimed he had a lucky hit that day, old bills of twenty years ago tied in parcels with colored string, the only way he had of remembering the year. He often resorted to terms such as "the year Mary Jones went to the States," "the year of the August gale," "the year Tom Dodson was lost on George's." and many more; all tucked and hidden behind cans, boxes or barrels.

But Robert worked steadily and determinedly to make the store look attractive and to earn the wages in a different way from that hinted at by Ezra.

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BY noon he had as attractive a window display as ever was seen in Topville. He had selected paint for this. He displayed paint in cans, paint brushes and many pictures he had found in catalogues, and a color chart showing the wonders that could be done with C——'s Wonder Paint. Ezra was pleased with the appearance of his window, and he was tickled when every farmer, and other person who passed the store stopped to ask the price of paint.

Robert made this still more interesting by showing them more pictures of the before-and-afters of the users of the paint, and the quantity of paint brushes and other material he sold in that line was surprising. He also had a chance to talk with customers and in many cases he sold them a pot or kettle or some other article as well. Ezra declared he had never done so much business since the depression began.

It was a busy day for Robert. Customers came and went; he sold ten cents worth of sugar, a bottle of kerosene oil, a pound of salt-pork, a salt cod, a spool of red silk thread, two and one-half yards of flannelette, all in one breath, as it were. He found some customers amusing and extremely curious, some hard to please, many wanting more than their money's worth, asking for down weight, telling him not to cut his fingers with the goods. If anyone thinks that it is easy to work in a country store, let them try it, thought Robert.

To all the inquiries if he liked Topville he answered the same, that he had made up his mind to like it before he came to it. That was all they found out, for he had a way of evading questions that were too personal and answered without seeming rude.

He also found out a great many things. He learned that the girl with the sleek boyish bob had made up her mind to be his 'best girl' in Topville; but he made up his mind, too. Ezra did a big business from her alone. Ten times she came in the store for things they sold, and things they did not; finally, as she made the last trip about six o'clock for a box of yeast cakes, she found courage to ask Robert to come over to their house that evening for a game of cards. Robert told her politely that he had an appointment for that evening.

He also found out without any effort

on his part that the Joneses were not very well-to-do, that Jack Bates and some other fellows were bootleggers, that Cora Phipps sang in the choir because she dressed the best of the girls in Topville, that Mary Green had a beau in the city who had a 'swell car.

He heard who was good and who was bad, and some who were good to some and bad to others. What a day! He came to the conclusion that he would use his own judgment and treat all as good until he was convinced that they were otherwise.

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THE most puzzling thing to Robert was where to—and where not to—give credit. Every minute he could spare he prepared a list of the 'good pays' from Ezra's dictation. Ezra needed no list for this, but Robert wanted to be sure to add nothing to his employer's already lengthy list of bad debts. So many traded in advance on the old age pension, the fishing bounty or some income other than cash wages, as was customary in a factory town where Robert had lived.

Here men traded on the fish that were still swimming the ocean. They would say, "after mackerel fishing I will pay that bill," or "after I get my returns from Boston," from the lobster fisherman, was common. Robert would not have been surprised if someone had promised him payment in eggs from chickens that were not yet hatched.

The day ended for Robert when the clock struck six; he put on the shutters, but not before he oiled those squeaky, rusty hinges. He locked and bolted the store door. "Now I will not be interrupted, for I must get a look at those books," he said, thinking that he might get accustomed to posting the day's accounts. The queer mess of bookkeeping was amusing to Robert, even with his elementary high school training in that line. He ruled some good quality exercise books into a day book, a cash book, ledger and journal and prepared a new system of bookkeeping for Ezra, whose books showed many X's and scratched out accounts. He then explained that he would have to take stock. Ezra looked puzzled, and no wonder; it was indeed a puzzle for anyone to attempt to place values on his stock.

Ezra was terrified when Robert suggested discarding some of the obsolete goods that filled the shelves. How could he ever sacrifice so much for little or nothing?

However, about an hour's hard work of explaining to Ezra a plan he had in mind to dispose of all the old goods without losing money induced Ezra to allow Robert to have his own way about it. A room back of the store was chosen to pile away all the stock that was in this list, and Robert made plans then and there for a sale that was to be the talk of the county for many a day. He would have a lot of work ahead of him for the next few weeks, not only in cleaning and checking the old goods, but interviewing commercial travellers and writing wholesalers to get job lot prices.

The light of a new business experience began to dawn on Ezra's mind and he chuckled to himself every time he thought of their plans.

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AFTER supper Robert washed, shaved and dressed in a dark tweed suit. The evening was nice and warm. He strolled toward the station and was met by Tom and some other boys he had not seen previously. They proceeded towards the fish store where they met another group of boys. In all there were twenty-three boys between the ages of fourteen and twenty.

To Robert, who had always lived in the city or a large town, to see boys dressed like these in jerseys and overalls in the evening was rather extraordinary, but he thought "This is the group I must use if I want to do any worth while community work. Who knows how many diamonds may be polished from this rough assortment?"

THE TOPVILLE PROGRESSIVE CLUB

ROBERT and the others climbed the ladder to the loft, dark to the eyes of a boy who had always been accustomed to electric light and was now depending on the feeble light of a kerosene lamp, with a smoky chimney. All the boys were talking at once, each trying to speak louder than the other fellow, if that were possible. To be called especially for a meeting was something entirely new to the younger ones. Some of the older boys had been to school meetings.

After a bit of rummaging, Robert and Tom managed to hunt up some boxes and boards for seats. After some persuasion they got all the boys seated. Calvin had found an old table that had been used to split and clean fish on and pulled it into the centre of the room. He placed the lamp on this, while he lit a lantern and hung it on the wall. Robert had brought a note book and pencil. This he also laid on the table.

"Now," called Robert. "We want a chairman."

"A chairman!" came the echo from a dozen voices. "What in the world do we want a chairman for?"

"To keep order and to conduct the business," answered Robert.

"But," continued the boys, "we don't want to do business; we want to play ball and have some sports; that is what Tom Jones and Calvin Bates told us."

"Well, boys, if we want a club we must have a chairman to start with tonight. We must choose our officers, a president, a vice president, a secretary and a treasurer."

"My! that certainly sounds high-falutin' to us; we don't know anything about presidents except what we read about the President of the United States. We never heard tell of having a secretary for anything, only old Ben Cafter who collects the school money." These and many other remarks had to be dealt with by Robert and his faithful few.

"Well, you be the head guy for tonight and we will follow" they at last agreed and Robert took the chair, or rather, the fish box. He knew then he had a big job even to get those boys to understand a business meeting, but Tom had been to a few school meetings and when Robert suggested a secretary *pro tem*, he quietly explained the job to Donald Willis, who took the note book and pencil rather reluctantly, but with an important air. He was rather proud to be chosen for the first job in the new club. Robert then passed ballots around and explained what voting was for and how it was done. Nominations were made.

After the votes were counted it was found that Robert was chosen President with such a large majority it was hard to get the other officers placed. So again the votes went around and Tom was chosen vice president, Donald Willis, secretary, and Calvin Bates, treasurer.

Committees were next. This was not so hard a job, as the spirit of the business had seemed to catch the boys seriously and no members of parliament ever selected their committees with so much enthusiasm.

They formed committees for baseball, for sports, for entertainment, for study, for expenses, and improvements.

They drew up rules to govern the behavior of the club members. They agreed to give a portion of their fish or farm produce towards the upkeep of their club; Robert would give the equivalent in money and work. No one belonging to this club could smoke or drink intoxicants. They would form a court of justice where they could bring all their grievances and adjust individual differences. All the boys promised to be faithful members and if anyone acted contrary to the rules he would be tried and punished as the club saw fit.

What did they intend to do first? Start a soft ball team. Robert had some equipment at home. He intended to write his mother for some of it immediately. Also he would write to the High School team at home and ask for some of the jerseys they were not using and some felt letters.

They had chosen black and gold for their colors, the same as the high school in his home town and he hoped

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Jervis Bay Survivor Tells of Rescue

***"The splendid courage of our seamen of all kinds and of our airmen and soldiers without glorifying militarism can inspire . . . to deeds of gallantry and sacrifice of self."*—LORD BADEN-POWELL**

FOLLOWING is the story of the Jervis Bay convoy, attacked by a German raider after sundown on the night of November 5, as told by a young American who was going to Britain to join the Royal Air Force. Picked up by a freighter which brought him back to Philadelphia, this young man has since sailed again for Britain, and is at present "over there."

Casually told, the story is a gripping picture of disaster at sea. The letter is dated November 13.

We have had a pretty crude time for the last week and I am only too glad for some rest. We were caught by the raider just after sundown on November 5, and he gave us a free fireworks display. Our escort did not have a dog's chance, but she went out and attacked. In 10 minutes she was ablaze fore and aft, but she sank with her guns blazing. Meanwhile the convoy scattered and dashed off.

* * *

OUR old tub nearly burst her boilers by steaming up from 9 to 15 knots in 15 minutes and a gale of wind. We felt so safe that I was below eating supper when the first salvo came aboard. One shot carried away the wireless and one set fire to our magazine, carrying away our steering gear. The ship was stopped and we assembled at the boat stations, when another shot came on board. This set us on fire really properly, fore and aft, carried away the lifeboat that I was meant to use and took a few nicks of my left ear and shoulder. We all then made for the other boat and started to lower it when a shell came clear through the ship and passed through the half-lowered boat. We did not notice this at the time as another shell in that salvo wounded many of the crew, and I got a piece of shrapnel the size of a quarter in my left hand.

I was by this time thoroughly scared and did not wait any longer, but hopped right into the boat, only to find that when I sat on the gunwale I was up to my neck in water. Well, I thought that that was better than a blazing ship so I sat there and tried to rescue any swimmers that I could reach. For my sins I stayed there, nearly frozen, for three-quarters of an hour. Meanwhile the rest of the crew got the two jolly boats and a raft away. I was picked up by one of the boats and stayed there wet through. This boat was not a life boat and had no flotation tanks, nor was it stored with food and water. We did, however, rescue two gallons of water from the sinking boat.

* * *

THAT night we had 15 men in our boat; the raft had 11 and the other boat had nine. The two lifeboats took the raft in tow, but could not do much as the boats were practically unmanageable due to heavy seas, at any rate. In the middle of the night during a heavy rainstorm, we realized that we were close to a blazing tanker and decided to get out of the way. Both boats tried to tow the raft out of the way with little success and when about 200 yards from the blazing inferno the other boat's painter parted. We felt that all was up with us and the raft. The other boat was blown away and we have not seen or heard of it since. We could have saved ourselves by cutting away from the raft, leaving it to its fate, but managed to clear the tanker at the last minute by only about 100 feet. We pulled away to a safe distance and decided to wait for dawn, signalling all the time to show the other boats where we were.

However, about an hour later our painter broke and for three hours we struggled to get back to the raft. We simply could not get near enough to throw them a line, so I had the bright idea of trying to float a line out to them. We tied our painter to the mast, telling the crew that we were trying to make a sea anchor, and threw it overboard.

The people in the raft were just able to get it and make it fast.

The night passed very miserably, the boat continually filling up to the thwarts with water, and we had to bail for our lives all the time. Morning came and we could see the real size of the waves. I am sure that from the crest to the trough most of them were 30 feet high or more. The people on the raft were beginning to complain as they were being continually soaked by waves breaking over them. We did not see what we could do, as we were up to our knees in water and overloaded.

* * *

DURING the day, wind and sea moderated and the remainder of the raft's crew came on board the boat. We kept the raft in tow, just in case. Another night came bringing sleet, rain and wind. All through the night we thought we saw ships but got no reply from the flares and lights. In the morning we were utterly exhausted and were issued with a little water. By midday of the second day we were just about all in and were very despondent as many of the crew were exhausted, due to exposure or wounds. We did not see much hope for us as we had no compass or sextant and did not know how far we had drifted from the scene of the disaster.

Someone, however, gave one last look around and saw the masts of the ship. No one believed it and everyone stood up to see for themselves, with nearly disastrous effects. We did not know which direction the ship was going in and had dreadful thoughts of not being seen. We rowed frantically towards it and when about half a mile away, to our horror, we saw it turn from picking up another boat, and start sailing away. Hereupon we cut the raft loose and set out with a heavy beam sea practically swamping us to try to cut her off. Five hundred yards away we saw that she was flying a code flag. We were just thinking we had been seen when they hauled this down

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Hymn for Christian Soldiers

Safe home! Safe home in port—
Wrecked cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provisions short,
And only not a wreck—
But oh, what joy upon the shore
To tell our voyage peril's o'er.

The prize, the prize secure—
The wrestler nearly fell,
Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well;
But he can smile at troubles gone
Who has the victor's garland on.

The lamb is in the fold
Secure and safely penned—
The lion once had hold
And thought to make an end;
But One came by with wounded side
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

—Selected.

A Short Story

MAY I tell you a beautiful story, for which I am indebted to the *Children's Newspaper*? A certain chaplain at the front says that one Sunday, as it was getting dark, he had finished a service in a dug-out into which eighteen men of all ranks had squeezed themselves. He was going, very tired, through a wood behind the front line when four figures loomed up in the twilight.

The chaplain hid behind a tree; but it was only four of our own men, muddy and tired, having lost their way, trying to get to the service. They said how sorry they were. "We'll soon put that right," said the chaplain; "can you sing 'Faithful unto Death'?" They could —and there, in that dim wood, with the fog wreathed about them, and mud under their feet, they sang.

Then the chaplain repeated the 23rd Psalm, and one man, thinking it was to be a prayer, fell to his knees, among the mud and fallen leaves. So the rest knelt too. At that moment German shells burst over their heads.

The sound of the firing and falling shrapnel tore through the forlorn branches above them. Nobody moved. Afterwards, as they separated, one of the men said to the chaplain: "We couldn't take cover then, sir. You were just saying, 'Though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death I will fear no evil. For Thou art with me'."

"Proof of the highest intellectuality is to perceive the wisdom and love of God in the Cross."

"A teacher builded a temple
With loving and infinite care,
Planning each arch with patience,
Laying each stone with prayer,
The Temple the teacher builded
Will last while the ages roll,
For that beautiful unseen temple
Is a child's immortal soul."—Selected.

My Prayer

A FOURTEEN-YEAR old English guest-child writes to The Gazette (Montreal):

Last night a prayer came into my head, so I jumped out of bed and wrote it out. On glancing through it today I thought how much like Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill it was. Here it is:

MY PRAYER

Dear Lord: Give me a brave heart that I may conquer my fears and foes,

Give me patience that I may overcome my afflictions,

Give me a sense of loyalty that I may help my friends and loved ones in their times of need;

And in the end I pray Thee give me peace. —D. H.

The Good Woman

She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone or despise;
For nought which sets one's heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low esteemed in her eyes.
—*J. R. Lowell.*

Vital Religion

GRENFELL'S religion was vital, virile, and dynamic. Here is what he wrote: "Unless a Christian is a witness in his life, his opinions do not matter two pins to God or man. . . Perhaps my charge spells more and not less faith in the Saviour of the world. As I love the fact of life more, I care less for fusty commentators. As I see more of Christ's living with us all the days, I care less for arguments about His death. I have no more doubt that He lives in this world today than that I do."

Character is higher than intellect.—Emerson.

We win by tenderness; we conquer by forgiveness.—Robertson.

God gives His best to those who give Him their best.

Your Place

Just where you stand in the conflict,
There is your place;
Just where you think you are useless,
Hide not your face.
God placed you there for a purpose,
Whate'er it may be,
Think He has chosen you for it,
And work loyally. —Anon.

Joyfulness

YOUTH will never live to age without they keep themselves in breath with exercise and in heart with joyfulness. Too much thinking doth consume the spirits; and oft it falls out that while one thinks too much of doing, he leaves undone the effect of his thinking. —Sir Philip Sidney (1554-1586)

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun. : Rejoice the soul of Thy servant. —Psalm 86:4.
Mon. : Unto Thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.—Psalm 86:4.
Tue. : Thou, Lord, art good and ready to forgive.—Psalm 86:5.
Wed. : Plenteous in mercy to all that call upon Thee.—Psalm 86:5.
Thu. : In the day of my trouble I will call upon Thee.—Psalm 86:7.
Fri. : Thou wilt answer me.—Psalm 86:7.
Sat. : I will glorify Thy name for evermore.—Psalm 86:12.

Fling Wide the Doors

Day after day He showers us with blessings,
Night after night His bounty overflows.
Joy unto joy His boundless love is adding,
Gift unto gift His faithfulness bestows.

Behind us all the past with good is studded,
Star-points of light in memory's darkening skies,
And faring onward to the unknown future,
Before us still new constellations rise.

But when the sun springs forth in radiant splendor
And floods the world with glory and with light,
How swift the shadows flee! How melts the darkness!
How pale the stars that seemed so fair and bright!

So when we let Him in—the Life Abundant
Fling wide the doors and drop the hindering bars,
He comes, the Giver, all His gifts transcending,
As doth the sun the rushlights of the stars.
—Annie Johnson Flint in the Evangelical Christian.

THERE are some things prayer was not meant to do, but it was certainly meant to bring the soul into communion with God, which enables a man to be strong and of good courage. Besides this, when men and women pray, things very wonderful do happen. Many of our needs are too big for human endeavor. God encourages us to seek His help, and so far as these needs are in the line of His purposes we can pray with confidence and hope. —Methodist Recorder.

Indo China with a population of 24,000,000, is said to have only seventy-five evangelical missionaries, 210 native workers, and a Christian community of 13,500.

Prayer

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
And the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

O thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
The path of prayer thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray!
—*James Montgomery.*

Young People's Bible Reading

"Causes of Stumbling"

by BEREAN

For Sunday
FEB. 2. 1941.
Gen. 4:9-12
Hab. 2:15
Mark 9:42-48.

THE years around 600 B.C. when the prophet Habbakuk lived were anxious ones for Judah. There were many abuses at home. The ruling classes were luxurious and oppressive. The poor were ground down by high prices and heavy taxation. Religion was at a low ebb. Law was scoffed at, violence, graft, disorder were everywhere. To add to these troubles there were threats of a foreign invasion. The great conquering Dictator of these days was the King of Babylonia or Chaldea who "gathered nations into his net" and gloated over their humiliation.

Habbakuk says that he is like a man who makes his neighbor drunk that he may take mean pleasure out of his disgrace.

Then he uses a strong figure. "Woe to him" for the cup of the Lord's indignation shall circle round to him and the disgrace and shame shall be his.

Puttest thy bottle to him.—**"Addest** thy venom thereto." (R.V.)

The liquor maker and the liquor seller make men drunk for profit. Quite literally they put "venom" (poison) in their drink. When they have taken their victims' money they don't care what becomes of them or of their families. Governments that have gone into the liquor business are equally guilty.

Liquor sabotages our war effort. We are told to save, yet about $200,000,000 were spent in Canada last year on liquor. The indirect cost would come to many millions more. The War-Time Voluntary Total Abstinence campaign which has recently been launched should have the support of every Christian, every patriot.

O madness, to think use of strongest wines,
And strongest drinks, our chief support of health,
When God, with these forbidden, made choice to rear
His mighty champion, strong beyond compare,
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook!
—Milton (Samson Agonistes)

* * *

I impeach the liquor traffic of high crimes and misdemeanors against the commonwealth. . . It is mere mockery to ask us to put down drunkenness by moral and religious means, when the Legislature facilitates the multiplication of incitements to intemperance on every side.

You might as well call upon me as captain of a sinking ship and says "Why don't you pump the water out?" when you are scuttling the ship in every direction.

If you will cut off the supply of temptation I will be bound by the help of God to convert drunkards; but until you have taken off this perpetual supply of intoxicating drink we never can cultivate the fields.—Cardinal Manning.

* * *

Make up your mind never to put any stumbling-block or hindrance in your brother's way.—(Rom. 14:13 Moffatt)

Memory Verse

Abstain from every form of evil. —I Thessalonians 5:22

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

Mon.—Habak. 2:15-17
Tue.—Gen. 4:9-12
Wed.—Mark 9:38-42
Thu.—I Thess. 5:22-24
Fri.—Isaiah 5:8-13
Sat.—Isaiah 28:5-10
Sun.—Ezekiel 3:16-21

"My brother's keeper"

OUR second selection is taken from one of the oldest stories in the world. Cain and Abel were in attendance at some early sanctuary. Abel's offering was accepted and Cain's was not, probably because Abel's heart was good and Cain's was evil.

"And Cain said unto Abel his brother, 'Let us go into the field'."

This rendering in many ancient versions suggests that the murder was premeditated.

When they were "in the field,"—outside the sacred precincts, or away from the family encampment,—"Cain rose up against Abel his brother, and slew him."

And the Lord said unto Cain.—As with Adam (3:9) God seeks to waken his conscience and elicit a confession. Just as when we know we are ill we call for the physician, so when we acknowledge that we have done wrong God is able to help us. (1 John 1:8, 9)

The question to Adam was "Where art thou?" That to Cain was "Where is thy brother?"

I know not.—Sin is like a terrible plague which becomes more virulent as it spreads. Adam and Eve had sinned in foolish disobedience. When they were faced with the fact they made shuffling excuses. Cain murdered his brother and lied to conceal his guilt.

My brother's keeper.—Perhaps a savage jest. Abel was a "keeper" of sheep. Cain asks if he is supposed to "shepherd" his brother in the same way.

His denial and jest are equally unavailing. God sees through them. "All things are open to the eyes of Him with whom we have to do." (Heb. 4:13)

Thy brother's blood crieth.—The thought of great evils crying to God is frequently met in Scripture. (See Gen. 18:20)

Crieth from the ground. . . Cursed from the ground. (R.V.)—Cain's means of livelihood had been "the ground." (v. 2) It refused to ally itself with him any more. To Adam the ground yielded a poor return to hard toil. "Now for Cain it is to be absolutely barren; it is no use his tilling it any more, it will yield him nothing. If he remains in the hitherto cultivated district he will starve, hence he must wander forth." (W. H. Bennett, D.D.)

The old story has man messages for us. One is that evil inevitably brings its punishment. The guilt of neglect is almost worse than the guilt of violence. We are "our brother's keepers." We should help and protect those weaker than ourselves. Our Lord said to Peter,—and through him to all Christians,—"Feed and tend my lambs **and** my sheep."

"One of these little ones"

IN our selection from St. Mark our Lord has been speaking of deeds of kindness. Even "a cup of cold water" will not fail of its reward. But there are dark things in the world and these too must be dealt with.

"Whosoever shall cause one of these little ones to stumble. (R.V.)—"The infirm ones, who can be so easily hurt, ought to have special consideration. On this principle Jesus himself acted.

(Please turn to Page 8.)

A Bird That Lives in a Hole in the Ground

By FRED BODSWORTH

BIRDS are creatures of the air but there is one kind of bird that spends much of its time in the ground. Notice that I said *in* not *on* the ground. This bird digs itself a burrow leading down into the earth and there it nests and hatches its nestlings and hides from enemies. You are saying that it must he some peculiar bird of Africa, India or the Tropics, but let me inform you that this odd bird lives right here in Canada and United States, close to a lot of us all of the time.

It is the burrowing owl, living on the plains or treeless districts of the west and also in Florida. On the western prairies they are usually able to find a hole vacated by a prairie dog, but in other sections where they live they usually have to dig their own own homes, because there are no burrowing animals of the correct size to provide burrows for them. When not flying about hunting for their food of grasshoppers or mice, they spend most of their time resting on the ground at the entrance to their burrow.

When approached they bob their heads about and crouch as if to fly and then just when you expect them to take wing, they dive into the hitherto unnoticed hole behind them.

They are a rather small, brown owl with peculiarly long legs but in spite of their ground habits, fly as well as any other bird. They differ from most owls in being able to see well at both day and night, and they hunt for food at both times.

Grasshoppers form the main part of their diet, but mice, rats, lizards and snakes are eaten. They build nests far down in the holes they occupy and the young birds after hatching play about the hole entrance. Until the nestlings are well able to fly, however, they do not go far from the burrow, as it forms their sole means of protection.

CAUSES OF STUMBLING

(Continued from Page 7.)

(Matt. 17:27) This principle of patient regard for the weak has a large place also both in the teaching and in the practice of Paul (Rom. 14:21; 1 Cor. 8:13; 2 Cor. 11:29)

Millstone.—"Great millstone" (R.V.) Were hanged . . . were drowned.—"More exactly 'had been hanged . . . had been drowned,' viz. before he did the deed. Drowning was a Roman and Greek punishment, reserved for crimes of peculiar enormity." (Dummelow)

Little one.—"I think it means not children only, but any humble follower of His who had become 'like a little child.' But, of course it includes the little children too. : . . How he loved children, and commended them to men's care. But oh! How angry if one led them wrong! . . . How awful is Christ's anger! It shows how great His love is for children. . . The worst sin in God's sight is to tempt another to do wrong." (Paterson Smyth)

"It is in every case, our Lord says, a greater sin to lead others into sin than to be led. There is a greater punishment, or 'woe' for the tempter than for the tempted." (Dummelow)

"CAST IT FROM THEE"

THEN He tells us each one how we are to deal with our individual temptations.

If thy hand cause thee to stumble. (R.V.)—This whole section is strongly figurative.

First of all, of course, it does not mean that we are actually to cut off our hand or foot or pluck out our eye if it "offends" us or causes us to stumble.

Our Lord's words are a "parable." If one's hand or foot is diseased so as to endanger life,—as was frequently the case among the poor people of Palestine,—it is surely better that it be amputated, rather than possessing two hands or two feet one should die.

"If your tooth is very bad so that you have no rest or sleep, what do you do? Pull it out. Painful? Yes; but worse evil to leave it in. Whatever habit or companionship or occupation causes you to stumble, away it must be cast, even if it is as dear as your right hand or right eye. Tell me some such? Desire for drink; wicked companion who is pleasant; occupation or amusement dangerous to modesty or truthfulness, etc. However painful, cut it off. Better to suffer—better to die—than to sin. So the Lord says and He should know. How awful sin must appear to Him!" (Paterson Smyth)

"Hell"—Gehenna. The Valley of Hinnom. "A gorge in the neighborhood of Jerusalem, where in ancient times idolatrous Israelites practised the horrid rites of Moloch. . . The place became a receptacle for the dead bodies of animals and refuse of all kinds. The horrors associated with the name made it a natural figure for the place of future punishment, and that sense it bears in the later Jewish books." (Salmond)

Our Lord's words are strongly reminiscent of Isa. 66:24. Here as elsewhere He uses current Jewish imagery in His teaching.

Unquenchable fire (R.V.).—Fires are said to have been kept burning perpetually in the ravine for the destruction of offal. "Unquenchable" does not mean everlasting. It means "that which cannot be put out." This is the sense the Jews gave to the word. Fire means "destruction." Sometimes it may mean "cleansing."

Their worm.—"The maggot bred in putrefying substances." (Dummelow)

"Gehenna" in our Lord's figure meant "corruption." Think of that horrible "dump" outside Jerusalem, its grim and gloomy associations, its festering carcasses, its rats and unclean birds, its worms and its fire. That is the terrible picture our Lord gives of the moral degradation of a man who has cherished sin in his heart. Sometimes his physical nature becomes similarly corrupt. To my mind this is much more dreadful than any "hell" pictured by Dante or Milton.

"Spiritual hurt may come to a man from himself, from some part of his nature which he suffers to become unsound." (Salmond)

All the evil characters of history began their downward course by cherishing some sin or neglecting some duty. Nations as well as men have fallen through self-indulgence. It is a patriotic duty to remove stumbling-blocks from our brother's way.

Don't let the children get morbid over this. The best way to avoid or overcome bad habits is to cultivate good ones. This should surely be emphasized.

Paul was a wonderful man, a wonderful thinker, and there are nearly always passages in his letters that require deep and careful study. But he had a pleasant way of ending up with some bits of practical advice which could be understood even by the least educated and youngest in the little congregation.

Our memory verse is one of these words addressed to the Christians in Thessalonica. "Abstain from every form of evil." (R.V.)

QUESTIONS

1. What did Habakkuk say about the King of Chaldea?
2. Would he profit by his cruelty?
3. Why did God ask Cain, "Where is Abel thy brother?
4. Should we help and protect those who are weaker than ourselves?
5. What are meant in our Bible by "offences"?
6. What did our Lord say about causing "little ones" to stumble?
7. What did He say about things that would cause us to stumble?
8. What did St. Paul say to the Christians in Thessalonica?

BEHIND THE COUNTER

(Continued from Page 4.)

to get a suitable uniform for his club.

He had a set of table tennis at home, and Calvin had a crokinole board they could borrow. The boys said also that they could make several checkerboards for themselves and Robert at once suggested making a ring toss, using rope for the rings, and some of the boys who could make a nice job of splicing were proud to do this. Robert said he would make the stand and pegs at the store some evening.

The meeting broke up at 10.30. Robert proposed that they join arms in Tuxis fashion and he repeated the Mizpah.

It had been decided to meet every Wednesday evening, and until they could find a better place they planned to meet in the fish store loft.

(To Be Continued.)

"THE UNDERDOGS"

(Continued from Page 2.)

Say, that was serious!

"I know a fellow who goes to school there and he told me," Charles said. He said they've been sort of watching and they've made up their minds we're not as bad as we look. He said they're not going to let us put anything over on *them!* They'll be ready for us!"

"You might know something like that would happen!"

"And," Charles sat scowling at the floor, "if that Albion team really plays their best they'll swamp us!"

"See here," Jennings said, "we've won, not every game, but enough so we're to play Albion for the league pennant. We've done that, even if we are the Underdogs! Let's not talk as if we were defeated yet!"

"But we are," Charles said.

And Andrews said, "What chance have we!"

"I almost wish we had disbanded at the start of the season!" Charles said.

Jennings was on his feet then. "See here, Charles," he said, and he shook his finger under Charles's nose, "that's no way to talk! We've a good team!"

"Fair," Charles said.

"Pretty good," Andrews conceded.

"Mediocre," Red admitted.

"A good team!" Jennings insisted.

"Not as good as Albion's, though," Charles said. "You know that."

"We've that trick play, where we feed the ball to Red," Jennings said. "That ought to be good for two or three baskets. And I doubt if even Albion can give us a six point lead—and win!"

"Don't make me tell the rest of it," Charles said wearily.

Of course we didn't make him.

"Albion's on to the fact that we're —pretty good," Charles said. "And Albion is on to that trick play of ours too."

"What!" we said, aghast That was the end!

Charles nodded.

"That friend of mine informed me," he said, "that Albion has kept tab on Red, and has decided that any fellow who can sink those shots from far back on the floor five out of six times, isn't just making lucky shots, even if he doesn't try to make them on every and all occasions. 'We're going to cover that fellow, Red,' my friend said. 'We're going to show you what happens when you go up against a team that isn't fooled!' "

After that we looked a bit glum.

* * *

EVEN Jennings had little to say. Figure it any way you would, Albion had us beaten before we started. Albion had a better team.

Then little Jennings spoke up. "Go on," he said, wearily, "you make me tired!"

We said, "So do you, with your everlasting 'Things will come out all right'!"

Only Collins said nothing. He was pulling on his athletic shirt. We had come to practise, hadn't we; well then, he was going to get dressed to go out on the floor.

Blue? You bet! Yet somehow, in the week before the Albion game, Jennings talked us into putting up a fight at least.

"Yes," we said wearily, a little sick of his everlasting harping on the subject, "we can fight at least."

"That's the spirit," Jennings said. "Never say die!"

"Oh, we will fight," we said. We had to . He'd have pestered us to death if we hadn't.

"Attaboy!" Jennings said. His eyes were bright. "Maybe," he said, "we might work that play of feeding the ball to Red—once!"

Well, maybe we could—although even then we couldn't see how Jennings figured we might win. His guard had instructions, I guess. Let Red trot back, or stay back of the centre of the court, and he was covered. Let Red go anywhere, and he was covered. And so were the rest of us for that matter. Albion was playing a close game.

In a way that helped us. It at least kept the score low, so the game zigzagged back and forth, first Albion ahead, then us; then Albion, then us.

And at the half the score was only Albion 8; Andiver 7.

"It's some game!" Charles panted.

Jennings nodded. "If we can only keep it up—and feed the ball to Red just once! If—!"

Say, if you could have been in or seen that last quarter! There was action, action from start to finish! Albion had held that league pennant so long they thought they owned it. And they were determined to keep it.

But we played the game of our lives. Luck was with us too.

I saw Jennings sink one—then sink another. And Charles sent two through the net too. And Red.

Collins alone wasn't making a point. Collins was playing a whale of a game, covering his man, keeping him from making baskets, but he wasn't making a point himself.

And then, a signal.

The game must be about over! It was our cue—Charles to Jennings, Jennings to Collins, Collins to Red!

Red nodded, just the barest of perceptible nods. And Red's face was set and grim. His eyes were like hot burning coals. He was going to make good!

And then Red was up the floor—and the Albion guard was on him. Everyone was covered, . . every one save Collins, who had the ball.

He shot — and the ball clicked through!

* * *

SO Collins did what he had wanted to do all season. Yes, he surely did. Made the winning basket in a close game? Say, that hadn't been what he had wanted to do at all! He really didn't care if he made a basket or not. He'd only made that basket because he *had* to if Andiver was to win.

What Collins wanted to do,—and did, —was propose the name of little Jennings as captain for next year.

"Say," Red said that evening in the gym, "that name they tacked on to us, Underdogs, surely helped us!"

"See here," Collins said, breaking in on our excited chatter, "what helped us, *who* helped us, was little Jennings!" Collins stood there, big, slow in speech. "Jennings is the one who helped us. Can't you see it! He kept us going when you fellows wanted to call basketball off. He was the one who figured things out and got us to promise not to try to win games by whopping scores. He pestered us into fighting tonight. He planned the play that won the game, Charles to Jennings, Jennings to me, I to . . ."

"Why, it *didn't* work, Collins, you dumb bunny!"

Collins grinned.

The play hadn't worked. But a bunch of fellows found themselves saying, "Pipe down, Charles! Pipe down!" For of all the fellows on the team, Collins alone hadn't been dumb. We saw that now!

"Anyhow," Collins said, after a vote had been taken, and Jennings elected captain for the next year, "*that* was what I wanted to do, all season!"

The Chums Mail Bag

This Week's Star Correspondent

EDNA MILLS

Honorable Mention

THELMA SHAW

This Month's Prize Winner

ETHEL VARNAY

Honorable Mention

GERALDINE CLARKE

DEAR CHUMS,—

In your letters many of you speak of the hardships of these days that we are passing through. Not that we here in Canada are finding things so very bad, but it is frightening to hear about the things which are happening in England and other places, and for some of us it would be easy to become frightened and discouraged—to lose our nerve. And that really means to lose our faith. I want to tell you a story which I heard in a sermon.

It is about a mountain climber, a very brave man who loved to risk his life on the dangerous mountain passes and on dizzy precipices—in order to climb to new heights that man had had never reached before. One time he was climbing among the Pyrenees mountains between France and Spain. He had a young man with him who was not very experienced in mountain climbing. By night the two were very tired. So they made camp and prepared to sleep the night on a little ledge quite close to a deep valley. After some time the younger man awakened with a start. A fierce mountain storm was raging. Lightning flashed, thunder roared and the terrific force of the wind wrenched rocks from the mountain-side and sent them crashing down into the valley below. The young man was terrified. He seized his companion and shook him, shouting, "Wake up! It's the end of the world!"

The old mountain-climber awoke and looked around. "No," he said. "It isn't the end of the world." But, looking again, he added, "It's daybreak! It's daybreak in the Pyrenees!" He had seen the signs of daybreak in the midst of the storm. And with the day he could start on again trying new tasks, scaling new precipices, reaching greater heights.

So, the sermon continued, in the midst of the storm that is raging all around us, we must keep our faith. Then we shall see the daybreak of a better era in which we shall be able to do finer, greater things than the world has ever dreamed of before. That story meant so much to me that I wanted to pass it on to you to hold in your hearts and remember in the days to come.

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

Chums Contest on "How to Keep Fit" Closes Feb. 15, 1941.

* * *

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums:—After several months silence, I am writing once more to the Page, and I would like to take this opportunity to thank the Editors for their kindness in printing my story, "Mittens to the Rescue", which appeared in the issue of March 15th, 1940. Many thanks, also, for the lovely pencil which I received as an award.

I am contributing a poem of my own composition, the subject of which is that wonderful invention—the aeroplane. Many of us, especially those who live near an airport, are well acquainted with the various types of planes, but to me, living as I do in a section of the country where the nearest aerodrome is many miles distant, one of these machines, speeding swiftly through the sky on some unknown errand, is still something of a novelty. Perhaps some day I shall experience the thrill of an aeroplane journey but until that day arrives I shall be content to watch the flights of others and marvel at the feats of pilots.

As I have already remarked, the aeroplane is a very wonderful invention. But I am certain that if the men who helped to make flying a reality and an industry were alive today, it would sadden them to realize that the fruits of their pioneering efforts, which ought to be used for commerce and travel and the benefit of mankind in general are being used as weapons of warfare. Yet, since this unpleasant fact cannot be altered, let us hope that the aeroplane will aid us in our endeavours to bring a lasting peace to the world.

Well Chums, I really must say Cheerio for this time, or the Editors will never be able to find enough space for my letter:—Edna Mills, N. B.

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums;—I hope you all enjoyed Christmas and New Years. I certainly did.

The Sunday School which I attend had a very interesting Christmas Concert. I was in a play called "Sales Resistance." There were only three in the play, a salesman, a little girl and an old lady. I was the old lady. As I have long hair they did it up in a nob. Then they put powder on it to make it look gray. I wore a long dress, an apron and I had a cane.

The play went something like this: The salesman knocks, the little girl enters the room and answers the door. She goes to get her grandmother while the salesman looks in a book to find how to sell anything to anybody. It tells about health being a good topic on which to talk. He says, "I'll tell her I'm not feeling well, ask her advice, then I won't have any trouble selling her a vacuum cleaner. Here she comes now."

I enter all bent over, leaning on a cane as though I had rheumatism and speak to the gentleman. He asks me about the sickness in my family. He says how I look like his poor Mother "Now, alas in Heaven."

I tell him how he looks like my poor brother "Henry". (He died from rheumatism too.) At certain points in the dialogue I have to boo hoo and cry over my brother "Henery." I talk the poor salesman into believing he has got the rheumatism too. He asks my advice. I tell him of a medicine which I make that will cure his illness. He offers me first $50.00 then $100.00 for a case of this wonder-tonic. Then I say "How about $125.00?" He says "certainly". So in the end I sell him the case of tonic. After he goes I ask the girl "if the next batch of bottles is ready." She says, "Yes Grandma" I say, "let's go and put the cold tea in them"

Instead of him selling me a vacuum cleaner, I have sold him a case of cold tea.

I guess I had better close now as my letter is getting long. From your chum;—Thelma Shaw, Ont.

Arctic seals that live in frigid, ice-filled waters, have a body temperature of 104 degrees.

The Boy Who Played for the Duke

Leonardo Da Vinci—painter of the famous "Mona Lisa" and of the third most famous picture in the world, "The Last Supper".

By Julia Graydon

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ONE of the most remarkable children ever born into this world was Leonardo da Vinci, the little boy who was born in a beautiful castle in Valdarno, near Florence, in the year 1452. His father's name was Messer Pietro, and he was a lawyer of Florence and a rich and prosperous man.

The child Leonardo was a beautiful boy, with long curls, and he was very talented, and best of all fond of study. His favorite studies were mathematics, history, geography and painting, and he was also fond of music. He had a silver lute shaped like a horse's head, and he played so well that one day he was asked to play for the Duke of Milan.

Sometimes in school, Leonardo used to ask his teachers hard questions which they could not answer. He was anxious to know about everything and he mastered every study that he undertook.

He was happy and of a generous nature, and he loved dumb animals and could not bear to see them ill-treated. Now and then he would buy birds in cages and set them free. Yet, though tender of heart, he was very strong, so strong that he could bend an iron ring.

When only a boy he modelled terra-cotta heads of women smiling. He used to follow people on the street and study their faces, both beautiful ones and ugly ones, and then he would go home and paint them from memory. Sometimes he would invite them to come to the castle and spend the afternoon so that he might sketch them. One day a peasant brought him a shield to paint and Leonardo gathered a collection of insects, serpents, bats and scorpions and painted them on the shield so realistically that when his father came into the room and saw it he fled in terror.

His father sent him to the painter, Verrochio, and he learned very quickly. Once when his teacher asked him to paint the angels in one of his pictures, Leonardo did it so well that Verrocchio threw down his own brush in despair.

* * *

AS the boy grew older he showed a wonderful inventive genius and designed roads and bridges and even tried to invent a flying-machine. When he was twenty-eight years old he visited in the East and was engineer to the Sultan of Babylon. Once he performed the wonderful feat of bringing the waters of the Adda river from Montesano to Milan, a distance of two hundred miles.

Leonardo was a great favorite at the court of the Duke of Milan, for he could sing and play for the Duke's friends, and he invented a toy lion that, on being wound up, would walk among the guests, open its mouth, and display bunches of flowers.

But I think, like Fra Angelico and the others, he loved best of all to paint and in the year 1497, just five years after the discovery of America by Columbus, he began his masterpiece, "The Lord's Supper," the third most celebrated picture in the world. It was painted for the monks in the Convent of della Grazie, at Milan, and Leonardo took two years to finish it. The monks used to watch him painting and sometimes he was so intent on it that he forgot to eat. One reason he was long in painting it was that he could not find a face to represent Judas, although he searched through all the prisons. Once when a monk asked him to hurry, he said he could finish the picture if the monk would pose as Judas. After that the impatient monk made no more remarks.

* * *

LEONARDO chose as his subject in "The Last Supper" the moment when Christ says, "One of you shall betray me," and each disciple asks, "Is it I?" We see the upper room and through a window we get a glimse of the Judean hills. There is a long table and Christ is in the centre, with a sorrowful look on his face, and we are told that Leonardo thought more of that look than of anything else in the picture. John is clasping his hands in grief and Peter leans forward, while Judas grasps the money bag.

The picture is now a wreck, owing to the dampness of the walls of the convent upon which it was painted, but there is a fine copy of it in the Royal Academy at London. The following verses, supposed to be the words of Leonardo about this painting, have been written by William Story:

"Therefore I wait; within my earnest thought
"For years upon this picture I have wrought,
"Yet still it is not ripe; I dare not paint
"Till all is ordered and matured within.
"Hand work and head work have an earthly taint,
"But when the soul commands I shall begin."

Leonardo prepared a number of studies for the head of Christ in this picture. One is generally considered finer than the one in the finished painting. Copies of this study can be obtained from "art" publishers.

The picture was painted on the end wall of the refectory (dining room) of the convent. The tables of the monks were placed around the other three sides, all facing inward. This symbolized the truth that the Lord presided over their meals.

Another celebrated picture is "Mona Lisa," the woman with the curious smile, who is seated in a marble chair with draperies of gold and blue. Leonardo spent four years in painting it, and a few years ago it was lost for about a year. A friend told me that she and her mother and sister were in Paris in 1911, at the time it disappeared from the Louvre, the famous art gallery. Her mother and sister took a great liking for the picture and decided to buy a copy of it to take home, but thinking to have one more look at the original, they started one day for the Louvre where they found a great crowd gathered and heard cries of "The Mona Lisa! The Mona Lisa!" The painting had been stolen and there was, of course, great excitement over its theft. The Louvre was closed for the rest of the summer and the picture was not found for nearly a year, when it was discovered in Italy. A crazy man is supposed to have been the thief.

* * *

ANOTHER well-known painting of da Vinci's is "Madonna, St. Anne and the Infant Christ," painted as an altar piece for the Servite monks. The Virgin is seated on the left knee of St. Anne holding the Infant Christ, who leans across and lifts his hand in benediction of the little St. John pressing against her knee. This painting is now in the Royal Academy at Florence.

At the time in which Leonardo was doing his best work the Renaissance rose to its zenith, and it was in many respects the most important period of the Christian era. In these days of the general revival of learning, the brilliant Leonardo wrote as well as he painted and his precious manuscripts have been preserved. He was left-handed and wrote from the right side of the page to the left, so that his writing was hard to read.

Here are a few of his sayings:

"You can have no dominion greater or less than yourself."

"Who cannot do all he desires must do what lies within his power."

(Please turn to Page 13.)

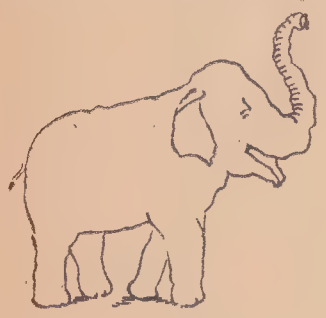
The Elephant and The Ant

By MONTGOMERY MULFORD

IN the jungles lived a great, old, powerful elephant. Every day he went thundering about, tramping through the jungle, and making a very big noise wherever he went.

When a tree stood in his way, this elephant did not bother to go around it at all; he simply knocked it over, because he was strong enough to do that, and walked on.

This great, old, powerful elephant knocked down many trees as he thundered along the forest every day.



There came day when a little black ant paid a visit to the elephant, and said: "I wish you would look where you were going because you step on so many things and spoil them and you might smash in my house."

The big elephant raised one ear and looked down at the little ant. "Ho, ho!" laughed the elephant, "but no one dares to stop me! Even the lion king does not try to tell me what to do, and here you are, a tiny speck, trying to tell me not to step on anything!"

"Well, you frighten little animals and you spoil the trees when you tramp over them. You should not do it," said the ant.

"I will smash in your house when I find it!" answered the elephant, getting very angry with the impertinent little ant.

"No, please do not do that, for then I shall have to fight you," the ant said.

At this the elephant laughed louder and louder, because he thought it funny for the tiny ant to dare to fight such a great big, strong and powerful animal as he, the elephant, was.

* * *

THE ant scampered away, but the elephant did not forget. He started thundering through the jungles again, knocking down trees, frightening smaller animals away, scaring the birds, and trampling down everything. Finally he came to the home of the black ant and looked at it. He gave one kick with his huge foot and knocked the ant's house all over.

The black ant came running up and jumped on the elephant's leg. He ran up the big leg and right to the elephant's trunk. Then the black ant ran down to the trunk and inside it, and bit the elephant hard. Next he came running out and up to the long ear of the elephant. Going in the ear the black ant bit him again.

Then the black ant jumped to the ground and the elephant shrieked and bellowed and howled because the bites hurt. "You see," said the black ant, "though you are so big and spoil everything, even I, who am but a tiny ant, can hurt you and punish you. Size does not mean anything, and so in the future just listen to what I have to say!"

After that the elephant did not go about knocking down the houses of the ants, and he became a very good fellow.

An ostrich never sticks its head in the sand but lies on the ground with its neck stretched out and its eyes open when it wants to hide.

A Lesson From Dogs

WE have read this little story about two dogs. "There is a good lesson in it that would be good for men and women, boys and girls, to learn.

Two big dogs, a Newfoundland and a mastiff, got into a fight on a bridge, and being blind with rage, over they went into the water. The banks were so steep and high that they were forced to swim some distance before they could find a landing place. This was no trouble for the Newfoundland, who was as much at home in the water as a seal, but the mastiff, worn with fighting, made little headway. When the Newfoundland reached shore he turned to look at his enemy and seeing his plight, plunged in again seized him by the collar, and keeping his nose above water towed him to shore. As they shook their wet coats they touched noses in a friendly way and were never known to fight again.

—Selected.

ANSWERS TO
YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE READING

1. That he was like a man who would make his neighbor drunk so that he might enjoy his disgrace.
2. No. Because disgrace would come round to him.
3. So as to lead him to acknowledge his sin.
4. Yes. We should always do our best to do so.
5. Causes of stumbling.
6. That it would be better that a man should be drowned in the sea than do so.
7. That we should cast them from us.
8. "Abstain from every form of evil."

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RHYMING RIDDLE

First letter's in raven. It isn't in crow.
The 2nd's in hail. It isn't in snow.
The 3rd is in cat. It isn't in dog.
The 4th is in tadpole. It isn't in frog.
The 5th is in pudding. It's also in pie.
The 6th is in yell. It's also in cry.
The 7th's in when. It isn't in where.
The 8th is in here. It's also in there.
The 9th is in whistle. It isn't in sing.
The 10th is in carry. It isn't in bring.
The 11th's in tear. It's also in break.
The 12th is in meat. It's also in steak.
The 13th's in storm. It isn't in wind.
The whole?—It's the wish of friends true and kind.

LIVELY GAMES!

SHOT PUT.—With inflated paper bag or balloon.

CROSS COUNTRY RUN.—Relay race, running with legs crossed.

STANDING BROAD GRIN.—One from each group. Measure width of grin with tape-measure.

RHUBARB RACE.—Teams roped together like bundles of rhubarb and run to given point and back.

KANGAROO RACE.—Group relay race. Jump with piece of paper gripped between ankles. Do not touch with hands.

DISCUS THROW.—Using a paper pie plate.

HORSE RACE.—Relay race, riding a broom.

BACKWARD RELAY.—Two boys back to back run together, one runs forward on way up, and backward on way back, touch off second pair, etc.—The Scout Leader.

Riddles Contributed by Chums

1. Why is the number 900,000,000 a very bad number?
2. What five letters are never pronounced right? —Sent in by Ivy Core.

JOLLY LITTLE FELLOW!

The little frisking mouse,
That goes whisking round the house,
Has thougts that take him farther than mere cheese,
He just longs to drive a car
And go roaming near and far,
Coming home at any hour he may please.—C. N.

Small Boy: Why does the cuckoo lay its eggs in another bird's nest, Daddie?

Daddie (busy reading the paper): Oh, because of the housing problem, I expect.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

Crossword Puzzle—

Across	*Down*
1. Shibboleth	1. Scriptures
10. Coney	2. Horse
11. Aloof	3. In
13. R. R.	4. Bed
14. Drink	5. Byre
16. LI	6. Land
17. Isl.	7. Elk
19. End	8. To
20. Zer	9. Holes
21. Peor	12. Firstfruit
23. Pass	15. Infidel
24. Divided	18. Lodge
25. Urge	20. Zadok
27. Wolf	22. Rie
29. Rue	23. Pew
30. Red	26. Ruler
32. Kir	28. Linus
33. El	30. Rite
34. Mills	31. DLIV
36. Nu.	34. Mac
37. Sebat	35. S.S.E.
39. Ishui	38. Be
41. Receivedst	40. HD

Missing Words—

I *heard* the lowing *herd*
And then a singing bird.
A *piece* of good advice: increase
Determination for world *peace*.
Tied hand and foot, the victim cried,
He saw the swiftly flowing *tide*.
There are *no* stale jokes in the show
As far as folk I've questioned *know*.

A loud bang announced a punctured tire. "I'm not a bit surprised," remarked the dear old lady passenger, "for I distinctly heard that policeman warn you there was a fork in the road ahead."

"Can't you read that sign, No Fishing Here?" demanded a keeper.

"Yes, I've seen it; but it's wrong," was the reply. "I've caught five already."

The young angler was enjoying some really good sport.

The Words We Speak and How They Came

Salary This word has nothing to do with salt now, but its real meaning is "salt money," and it was originally an allowance given to Roman soldiers as part of their pay, to buy salt when they were travelling. From being a small allowance for salt, its meaning was extended to include an allowance for any other purpose, and eventually it came to mean the whole of a man's pay.—C.N.

THE BOY AND THE DUKE

(Continued from Page 11.)

"As a day well spent gives joyful sleep, so does a life well spent give joyful death."

While we are told that "no word was ever breathed aginst his character," Leonardo had such a good time at the courts of royalty that he went later to live with the King of France, who loved him dearly and wept when he died in the year 1519.

* * *

THE famous painter was buried under the flagstones of the church of St. Florence at Ambois. The church was afterwards destroyed and no trace of his tomb could be found. But in 1863 the gardener's daughter pointed out a spot near the place where King Francis, Leonardo's friend, was buried. A cherry tree grew over the spot and the fruit was so rich that it was thought it grew over a grave. So, on the 23rd of June, 1863, the earth was turned up and on the 20th of August, a skeleton was found with the head resting on the hand. The skull corresponded exactly to that of a portrait of Leonardo, and the skeleton was his exact height.

A moument was erected to the memory of Leonardo da Vinci near Milan Cathedral. He stands upon a pedestal and before him are statues of his pupils and bas-reliefs of some of his works.

Some of his drawings of the human frame, in red chalk, may be found in the Royal Library in London. In the Louvre are to be found the following pictures: "St. John the Baptist"; "Modesty and Vanity" and "Study of Heads of Three horses."

(This is the third article in our series on the world's great painters.)

Mr. Smith: Hullo, Mr. De Bore. I'm sorry to hear you are annoyed with our old friend the Doctor. What is the trouble?

Mr. De Bore: Well, I told him I suffered from that tired feeling, and he asked me to show him my tongue.

Going to some friends to spend Christmas a traveller found that, arriving late at a junction, he had missed the connection to the village he wanted.

"What time is the next train to Mudcombe?" he asked a porter.

"Four o'clock, sir," was the reply.

"Nothing before then?"

"No, sir. We never run one before the next."

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While the Kettle Sings . . . Try Some of These

FRENCH BRIOCHE CAKES

One cup scalded milk, yolks of 4 eggs, 3 eggs, 2-3 cup butter, 1-2 cup sugar, 2 yeast cakes, 1-2 teaspoon lemon extract or 2 pounded cardamon seeds, 4 2-3 cups flour. Cool milk and when it is lukewarm, add yeast cakes, and when they are dissolved add remaining ingredients, and beat thoroughly, by hand 10 minutes; let rise 6 hours in warm place. Chill. In morning turn out on floured board, roll in long rectangular piece 1-4 inch thick; spread with softened butter, fold from sides toward centre to make 3 layers. Cut off pieces 3-4 inch thick; cover and let rise. Take each piece separately in hands and twist from ends in opposite direction, coil into large kidney shape and bring ends together at top centre of cake. Let rise in pans and bake 20 minutes in oven of 400 deg. Fahr. Cool and brush over with frosting made of confectioners' sugar and boiling water flavored with vanilla.

PRUNE PINEAPPLE CATSUP

4 3-4 cups of puree made from cooked prunes (7 cups uncooked prunes);
1 cup liquid in which prunes are cooked.
1 cup of crushed pineapple with its syrup.
2 cups water.
1 cup vinegar.
1 1-2 cups brown sugar, packed in cup.
1 cup white sugar.
2 1-2 teaspoons salt,
1 tablespoon cinnamon.
1 teaspoon each of mace, allspice, ginger, cloves, dry mustard.
2 tablespoons dark molasses.
1-8 teaspoon tabasco sauce.

Combine ingredients in order mentioned. Cook very slowly to prevent sticking and scorching, until of desired consistency, about 50 to 60 minutes. Seal in glass jars or bottles.

HEALTH AND VEGETABLES

IT is said that a new dieting system is achieving great popularity, and numerous establishments have sprung up to provide the preparations prescribed for healthy living.

Vegetable juices are one of the chief recommendations, including those of cabbage, spinach, parsley, carrot, rhubarb, tomato and strawberry. Rosy cheeks are said to be stimulated by a diet of water-cress, prunes and figs.

Nerves are, strengthened by yeast, rice, whole-wheat, nuts, kidneys and green leafy vegetables, also asparagus.

—L. C. H.

"Dressing Up"

By GRACE ARCHBOLD

IT was not until my lot was cast for a time in a very lonely part of the world, with four young children to keep happy and amused, that I realized what a help clothes could be.

When we ourselves are feeling tired, it is wonderful what a change of raiment will do for us. It is much the same with children. Without giving undue prominence to this fact—training them to be little peacocks—I have found changing their clothes or "dressing up" the greatest help both in keeping the peace and in formation of character.

I taught them from the first to take great care with regard to bodily cleanliness, so that it became a habit; and next, the duty of making the best possible appearance by looking tidy and attractive—when coming to table, for instance, after romping outside in their sand pile or playing in the snow.

I pointed out to them the cleansing of Nature's face by means of the rain and the sad results when there is a shortage of rain; also, the beautiful and suitable dresses worn by the flowers and the trees and the keen pleasure we derive from them, suggesting that they too, try to look their best for the sake of others.

It was very hard for them not to have the companionship of other children. In a sense this deficiency was partly supplied by "dressing up" and playing games in which they were other persons for the time.

Little children love to pretend—to act a part—and looking back, I can see how the time given to this form of amusement helped mine to prepare for the great drama of life.

Fortunately, I was able to manage an airy playroom for them, and in a light homemade box I put, from time to time, all sorts of garments and odds and ends that would come in useful when they were "dressing up". This was a never ending source of joy.

Good city friends, interested in this box, sent me parcels of clothing occasionally. The arrival of a parcel was always the signal for a happy half-hour in itself the means of character forming. It taught the children unselfishness in alloting the contents.

Incidentally the opening of the parcel was a prize awarded for tidiness, Even very small children can be trained in such a way. The joy of opening the next parcel proved a great incentive.

During the periods I devoted entirely to my children, I usually either read to them or told them a simple story, with dramatic possibilities. It was always a story of uplifting nature, and entirely free from horror in any shape or form.

The next step was to dramatize the story. Perhaps we kept the performance of it for a stormy day. After the reading we decided on the various parts to be taken and the children would talk about it and try to remember all the important situations and plan the "dressing up". When there were humorous touches, so much the better; we enjoyed the tonic of a hearty laugh.

Often a simple tea party, with a change of suit and frock for the host and hostess, was found to be most refreshing.

We were too far from neighbors to make it possible for birthday parties with guests, so in the winter when the children's father could be present we often arranged on our program of games a special play with a little address of congratulation for the birthday child who was kept in happy ignorance of the speech and costume until the event came off.

Clothes play a more important part in child life than we are apt to imagine, and the "dressing up" games may be a potent means of teaching vital principles. I'm sure they helped my children to learn lessons in tolerance, truth, kindness and a love of the really beautiful things of life.

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association 8 West 40th St. New York City, U.S.A.)

Proverbs for Parents

HERE, from the folk wisdom of many lands and ages, is a little collection of helpful hints to parents seriously interested in the upbringing of their young.

The child sayeth nothing but what he heard at the fireside.

Children are what they are made.

The best horse needs breaking, and the aptest child needs teaching.

'Tis better to bind your children to you by gentleness than fear.

What children hear at home soon flies abroad.

Give to a pig when it grunts and to a child when it cries, and you'll have a fine pig and a bad child.

A suspicious parent makes an artful child.

An hour of play reveals more than a year of conversation.

No use to hunt the happy days—
They're with you all the time;
They're loafin with you 'long the ways
An' singin' in a rhyme.
No use to search the world around
An' think they're far and fleet;
The brightest of 'em still are found
In violets at your feet.

—Atlanta Constitution.

Northern Messenger

THERE'S "HONOR" AMONG KNAVES

"Experience has shown that there is sufficient mutual understanding and trust between the Soviet Union and Germany to solve, in the interests of both parties, a number of the most involved economic and financial problems."

SO says "Izvestia" the Soviet Government's newspaper organ. The emphasis is on the interpretation of the words "understanding and trust" and "in the interests of both parties." Each quite well understands the other's intention to scrap any understanding at convenience, if not *in its interest*. And Russia can trust Hitler & Co. to be leopards still. And note that the agreement so recently boasted by the Nazis is limited further by "Izvestia" to "a number," not to all of the problems between the two dictators.

Mutual distrust shouts through the recent purported agreement which will last only as long as each party to it, Russia or Germany, gets what it wants—and so long as neither steps on the other's pet corn. And that may happen even between the writing and reading of these lines.

Stalin does not forget the names Hitler called him not so long ago, nor could he stand a Germany strengthened to fulfil its desire to get Russian wheat and oil fields or control of the Dardanelles. So we don't expect the agreement to amount to much or to last very long.

Indeed in future the world's general welfare must in some way dominate all natural resources and international channels of communication. The oceans and seas and their connecting canals, and the airways and their international airports must in the new world order be the care of a world parliament and government.

Meantime no international agreement that is not honest can be honestly kept. Its breach indeed would be more honest than its observance.

SINEWS OF WAR

AS the war goes on the need of money—"the sinews of war"—becomes more and more apparent. This money must be raised by taxation or by loans.

One great source of revenue is the Income Tax. It affects all but the smallest incomes and is so arranged that the larger the income the greater the tax it pays in proportion.

The Government has evolved plans whereby the Income Tax may be paid in instalments.

We should be glad to pay our taxes. It is the only way open to us of standing shoulder to shoulder with our soldiers, sailors and air men. Up to the present, Canadians have shown their sense of responsibility in this respect. Taxpayers are responding nobly.

Savings Certificates

BUT though taxes are very important perhaps more important still are the loans we make voluntarily to the Government.

The loans to which most of our readers can effectively contribute are those through war savings certificates.

How can we help? Well, we can get a card at the nearest post office and stick war savings stamps on it. Then when its 16 squares are full, we can send it in with our name. The Government places it to our credit and in seven years we receive the four dollars back with a dollar interest.

A lady gave two little girls a present of a card with two stamps stuck on it. They are devoting a good proportion of their "spending money" toward buying more stamps. A church making a special effort to pay off part of the mortgage sent out cards to the members of the congregation and asked that contributions should be made in Savings Stamps. Because Certificates are made out to individuals, this necessitated getting special permission from the Government, but this was easily obtained.

The War has already given much employment. It will give more. One's first impulse on getting a sudden "rise" is to spend more. This is all right to a certain extent, but the impulse must be controlled and limited.

If people started buying extravagantly of non-essentials, the effect would be unfortunate—indeed it might be disastrous.

Even in essentials one can often "make the old one do." This will also help build up an after-war demand for goods and provide an enhanced buying power to purchase them.

If Hitler got us under his heel he would leave us "nothing but our eyes to weep with." We have hardly felt the war-strain yet. Let us pay our taxes cheerfully, and let us *save, save, save,* by lending to our Government, so that we may help to win through this, one of the greatest contests between good and evil that has ever come on the world.

Thrice Bereaved Within a Week

The Late Miss Lemoine

LAST week we told our larger family circle of the serious illness of our beloved subscription manager, Miss Ina Geraldine Lemoine. Now we have to record her passing to her higher service and her great reward.

The whole staff, her fellow-workers in the editorial, business and printing departments, gathered around her desk for a few moments, acknowledging her fine Christian character and her loyalty to her work. And her more immediate associates in the office accepted the torch she flung to them. The few moments were closed in prayer led by a member of the editorial staff.

Miss Lemoine was taken very suddenly ill with the 'flu on Saturday, December 28, just in the midst of her busiest time of the year. Pneumonia set in and she passed away in the Royal Victoria Hospital in the closing moments of Sunday, January 12. She is survived by her father and mother, and by a brother in the army.

The Late Mrs. Watson

WE have also to record the death on January 7th, in her 74th year, of Mrs. James Ferguson Watson, mother of our assistant business manager.

Mrs. Watson, senior, had been ill of heart trouble for many months. She is survived by her husband, six sons and one daughter.

* * *

The Late Miss Dougall

WE have also to record the passing on January 13th of Miss Janet Alice Dougall, twin sister of your senior editor. The late Miss Dougall was a home maker, and gave her whole life in loving and tireless service to her family. She had practically never been ill till, without any warning symptoms, she suddenly had a serious heart attack just a year ago, from which she never quite recovered.

The passing of Miss Dougall links lively chapters in the history of Canadian and United States journalism. But this issue must go to press before that story could be told.

NEW ZEALAND NATIVES

THE first visitors to New Zealand found the natives without intoxicants. Morewood ("History of Inebriating Liquors"), speaking of the Maoris, says: "They abhorred all kinds of intoxicating liquors.

"Unfortunately, however, the crews of the Southern whalers have made these people familiar with the use of rum, brandy, and other inebriating beverages, and the pumpkin is now cultivated for drinking vessels."

With the advent of the white man, however, foreign liquors were introduced, with the result that the habits of the natives were altered, and drinking became common among them.

The early traders in New Zealand, as well as in the other colonial territories, found the trade in liquor with the natives profitable, and encouraged it, in spite of the evil effects it occasioned.

Christian Protection

The first efforts to protect the aborigines of New Zealand from the liquor traffic was made about 1835 by the missionaries of various churches established there.

Unfortunately, they were hindered rather than helped by those in high civil authority. The debauchery of the natives by and through the medium of the liquor traffic has been and still is a reproach to the Government, although in recent years it has been mitigated in response to a growing public opinion.

Early Developments

The first literature printed in English in New Zealand was a Temperance leaflet, followed by an 8-page Temperance booklet, in which was recorded the formation of a New Zealand Temperance Society in 1836. Thus New Zealand produced Temperance literature before any other and had a Temperance Organization before it had a Government.—Everybody's Monthly.

Sayings That Shakespeare Created

Thrice armed is he that hath his quarrel just.

Henry VI,Part 2, III 1.

A man more sinned against than sinning. **King Lear, III 2.**

Conscience doth make cowards of us all. **Hamlet, III 1.**

For my own part it was Greek to me. **Julius Ceasar, I 2.**

Thereby hangs a tale. **As You Like It, II 7.**

Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon'em. **Twelth Night, II 5.**

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. **Henry IV, Part 2, III 1.**

Making Clothing Out of Dog Wool

By PHILOKUON

IN the last war a considerable number of articles of clothing were made from dogs' hair, the combings being collected and sent to a central organization in England. Many breeds of dogs have hair that is long, of beautiful colour and soft in texture. When it is necessary to depend as much as possible upon internal resources to save shipping space and help the exchange. British people wisely look about for any alternatives that may be available.

For quite a long time people have saved the combings from their dogs, had them spun and woven into a cloth that was most satisfactory in every way, but it was scarcely a commercial proposition.

Before 1914 Mrs. Scaramanga, who then had the chief exhibition kennel of chow chows, demonstrated that garments mde from their combings were light, warm and durable. A jersey so made was worn for three months one winter by a soldier serving in France.

This led to the formation of the British Dogs' Wool Association in the course of the Great War with headquarters at Burlington House, Piccadilly. All the labour was voluntary. The necessary capitol was contributed by various canine associations and private individuals.

The Textile Department of the Victoria and Albert Museum in South Kensington were much interested in the movement, and gave space for a small exhibition of the products, which was visited by large numbers.

The hair used was all carefully steriliced and it was then spun and woven into garments principally for the wounded. The white wool was spun into operation stockings and bed socks and the coloured into cardagans, socks mufflers, waistcoats and other useful garments, which combined warmth with lightness.

There must be a tremendous amount of dog wool that is going to waste daily, and one is glad to see that a movement is on foot to repeat what was done in the previous war.

JERVIS BAY RESCUE

(Continued from Page 5.)

and changed course again away from us.

* * *

NOW everyone forgot exhaustion and we started to yell our heads off and burn flares. The flag went half way up again; we had been heard but not seen. More yelling and the ship turned and rescued us. Four of our crew were too exhausted to climb out of the boat and had to be pulled aboard by ropes. We got on board and had our wounds treated and were sent to the engine room to dry. Our clothes dried in half an hour but we shivered for two days.

The ship was a 2,000-ton freighter bound for Philadelphia, that had dropped out of a convoy and on hearing our S.O.S.'s had entered the danger area to pick up survivors. She succeeded in picking up 96 survivors from four ships.

We were wonderfully looked after and fed four course meals. Accommodation for me was the saloon floor, but even that was better than an open boat. There were 11 injured on board and although we were looked after as well as possible, bandages and things ran out quickly. We landed here on Tuesday evening and got immediate hospital treatment, where four people were detained. I go there daily to get my hand dressed, but I expect I will be all right soon.

As for me, I have lost absolutely everything, including my passport and clothes. As my ticket contracts to take me to a U.K. port, I still feel that I would like to complete my journey. This is now the 14th., and no money has yet arrived, but I got $30 credit from the ship to buy necessities with. This I have used in buying some needed garments. I have to stay here for a few days as my status as a passenger is not quite clear and also I want the rest and medical attention.—The Gazette (Montreal)

The Simplest Animal

THE simplest animal is the amoeba, a creature which sometimes measures only a hundredth of an inch in diameter.

It has no fixed shape and no definite organs such as arms, legs, head, mouth, and so on. It is simply a minute piece of jelly surrounding a central nucleus of protoplasm. It eats by wrapping itself round its food, and progresses by flowing movements of its body.—Sel.

Liquor and Youth

The fact is that drinking among young people will not be disposed of until the young people themselves make up their minds to do without it. Alcoholic beverages are regarded by many as a necessity, and will continue to be so regarded just as long as each succeeding generation is willing to "try anything once"—including a seductive poison. The decision rests entirely with the individual.